

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## If I Were a Voice

If I were a voice—a persuasive Voice—  
That could travel the wide world through,  
I would fly on the beams of morning light  
And speak to men with a gentle might,  
And tell them to be true.  
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,  
Wherever a human heart might be,  
Telling a tale or singing a song  
In praise of Right—in blame of Wrong.

If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—  
I'd fly on the wings of grief;  
The home of Sorrow and Gilt I'd seek,  
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,  
To save them from Despair.  
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,  
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down  
Into the hearts of suffering men,  
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—  
I'd travel with the wind;  
And, whenever I saw the nations torn  
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,  
Or hatred of their kind,  
I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash  
And into their blinded bosoms flash;  
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,  
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice—  
I'd speak in the people's ear;  
And wherever they shouted "Liberty"  
Without deserving to be free,  
I'd make their error clear.  
I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,  
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,  
And making all the Earth rejoice.  
If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

If I were a Voice—a pervading Voice—  
I'd seek the kings of Earth;  
I'd find them alone in their beds at night,  
And whisper words that should guide them  
right,  
Lessons of priceless worth.  
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest birds,  
And tell them things they never heard—  
Truths which the sages for aye repeat,  
Unknown to statesmen at their feet.  
—CHARLES MACKAY.

## No. 1 HARD

Hurriedly the young lawyer strode through the park. Mentally he always named it a "square." He had never recovered from his shock on first being introduced to the park and called upon to admire the trees. Of course, hailing from Bruce County, he might be pardoned. But that night he had gone out again to pay his tribute. Hat in hand he had stopped before the smallest sapling. He had bowed low. "Congratulations! You are the smallest I have ever met. And so they call you a tree!"

Yet what could one expect in mid-prairie! And how gallantly the inhabitants had sought to improve conditions. See, now, the little nest of flowers and foliage in the very heart of the city! The young man looked at it more intently than usual that morning. As a rule, his thoughts were on his ledgers, his filing cabinets, his cheque books. Or, if they wandered farther afield it, was to rest with satisfaction upon the nature-pictures his mind conjured up—waving grain fields, rich with promise of coming wealth—for him. Or, if his eyes scanned the blue heavens, it was to ward off calamity in the shape of blighting tempests, hail-storms, tornadoes and ther ilk, which would destroy his looked-for revenue.

It was early September and all the richly-colored blossoms were on view. Warm waves of sunlight softened the keen air. The sky was vividly blue. By rights he should not have been able to see much of the sky. But a primitive longing to come forth and feel the sun had made him leave his car and walk home to his housekeeper unawares. But then she had things too much her own way.

Farther up the street he spied children playing, chalking the sidewalk for "hopscotch" and running their carts up and down. He thought complacently of those stretches of lake and wood, that long, sandy beach in which his two could revel. A farm near a lakeside was a great institution. It implemented, too, those uncertain returns from the practice of law, uncertain even when seasoned with a good dash of real-estate. Though, if this brilliant weather held, there would be no need to worry about the practice of law or land deals either. "No. 1 hard" would take care of all that.

"Buy a tag?"  
He was brought up abruptly. A pretty little girl, standing at the corner of the park, held out a gaily-colored bit of pasteboard.

A tiny frown gathered between his brows. These taggers were getting beyond all bounds. A man could not go from his office to his house without being waylaid. Really, it was too much. Fresh Air Funds—Red Cross.

"What's this for?" He tried to keep the gruffness out of his tone. One never knew who these kiddies were, they grew so fast. Might be the daughter of some good client. "What's this you're peddling?"  
The girl smiled up at him. "It's for the Amputation Club."

"Humph!" He examined the tag a minute, debating. "I thought they weren't looking for pity, those chaps. They pride themselves on carrying on just the same; joke at their lost limbs; form themselves into a club and take their part like anyone else."  
"Yes, aren't they splendid!" She took his remarks at face value—was already attaching the gay little tag to his coat—smiling brightly as she did so—looking expectantly at the coin box slung over her arm. "Thank you so much!"

Lifting his hat, he strode on again, murmuring to himself. "I hadn't anything less than a quarter. Of course, you can't grudge it in a case like that. But if a man is held up for a quarter every day or so it soon mounts up. He crossed the street and turned up his own avenue.  
"Look out!" A sudden impact against his shins! An express wagon, even of diminutive proportions, can work keen havoc with a young man's pedal extremities, when it goes on the rampage. And the curly-headed owner of his red cart should not have been so keenly observant of the ice-cart if he had expected to steer clear of pedestrians.

"Keep out of the way, can't you?" The man had not intended to make his voice so curt, but this knock against his legs was bothersome, to say the least. Made him look ridiculous.

"How is Jackie?" The little voice at his feet was familiar. He remembered now that this boy played with his boy, Jackie, every day.

"Oh, Jackie is having a great time running all about a big farm." Unconsciously he put into his tone an enthusiasm which decreed this dull own, an ardor calculated to arouse 'longing in the heart of Jackie's playmate condemned to pavements and streets.

"Is he?" The large blue eyes were fixed on his, a far-away look in their depths, as though in effort to visualize Jackie's delights. The eyes looked after him up the length of the avenue, the owner drooped on the little red express-cart drawn up by the curb. Children shouldn't be left withering in the city all summer. However, school would be opening in a couple of days. "Excuse me, Sir!"

From under the shade of the popular trees a young man stepped out. In a twinkling the lawyer's keen eyes had appraised him—grey flannel shirt, face thin and dark, manner lacking Western assurance—a harvester from the East. The city was full of them.

"I wonder if you could give me a little help, Sir?" It was evidently an effort to speak. "I am completely broke."

He looked uncomfortable as he spoke. His eyes moved from the lawyer's to the street beyond and back again.

"I have a job in sight. I go out tomorrow."

They stood there, two young men facing each other. The lawyer, himself a returned man, looked sharply for an oversea button, the talisman to any favors. None!

"Where do you come from?" He spoke with professional brevity.

"Quebec."  
"Oh!" Behind that monosyllable lay an unspoken word.

"I have a ticket to my work, but no money."

The lawyer let his gaze travel slowly up and down, from the top of the man's head to the soles of his feet. When their eyes met there an uncomfortable moment.

"Look here!" said the man of law. "Do you know that begging on the streets like this you're as near as you've ever been to finding yourself landed in the city jail?"

The harvester backed off. "I'm leaving on the morning train," he answered.

But the other man had no intention of letting him go in that fashion. "See now!" he said, catching him vigorously by the shoulder. "Just what do you want?"  
Something to eat!" The words

came quickly and a hot color flushed his cheeks.

Well, why don't you go down to the Grill?"

"To that swell place? I'd look fine marching in there."

"Give them this card of mine. I'll telephone."

The young man, thanking him turned and made off without more ado.

The young lawyer smiled grimly as he replaced his card case. People called him hard. No, he wasn't that. He could not see a chap actually hungry. Of course, it was easy to pull out a dollar bill for every tramp as long as your money lasted. But for one who had made his own way through a long and arduous college course, dollar bills were not to be lightly treated. Besides, he wanted to make a test. He did not believe that card of his would ever be presented.

The telephone was ringing when he entered his home. "I'll answer it," he told the house-keeper. "Yes, I'm a bit late for lunch. Walked home."  
"Yes? Hullo? Yes, that's all right. Fifty-five cent lunch. And charge it to me."

Satisfied, he settled down to his own luncheon. His housekeeper was never so proficient as when she had full charge. In fact, she had given his wife to understand that she preferred to reign alone. But, as that young matron objected, "a person can't just lie down and die to get a good house-keeper!"

He smiled at the remembrance. For the present things were happily arranged. Wife and children running well on a farm. Children, rather. Wife care-free. Good housekeeper there, too. Affairs had certainly prospered. Complacently he fingered the leaves of his new magazine.

"I'll be going up to the farm this evening," he called back on leaving. "If anyone wants me particularly you could say I'll be home tomorrow night. I'll leave word, too, at the office."

Glorious ride past long fields of waving grain; by the lakeside where the flocks of wild duck drove through the water; past farms where cutting was already in progress; whizzing through a bluff of thin poplars, a covey of prairie chickens scurrying to cover at his approach; and in the fresh, warm air. Straight through the gate of his own farm he drove, on and up, curving around he house to a neat arrival at the door.

"Daddy! Here's Daddy!" He was heralded by two pairs of overalls with curly pates a-top. Two pairs of sweet eyes and tanned cheeks glowed up at him.

"Here I am, children!" He kissed them fervently. Jackie, I saw a little chum of yours on the avenue this morning. He has a red cart and he drove right into me. Almost took my legs off. He was asking for you."

"Oh, Chester! Was it Chester, Daddy? How I wish I could go back to the city and play with him and his new cart. When may I go, Daddy?"

"What! And leave all this fine farm where Daddy is making all this wheat into dollar bills for you and Mother? How is Mother!"

"She's well. She's coming. And we have banana cake for tea. And Mrs. Fletcher made fresh buns!"

"Good! Fine." He swung down from his car and on to the shabby verandah. His little daughter reached up to pull the tag from his lapel.

"What's this, Daddy?"

"That's something poor Daddy had to pay a quarter for, but he'll give it to you for a kiss." He stooped and the rosy lips pressed his. "Funny man!" said the little maiden looking at her trophy.

"Funny man in the picture, yes, he's only got one leg. Daddy's got two. He strode to the door to greet his wife.

"You make me ashamed," she was saying, laughing with pleasure at his sudden appearance. "Always make me ashamed, coming out this long way to see us and the farm, from your busy office, and finding me loafing. Mrs. Fletcher is a constant reproach to me, too, the things she does! The cooking! Between the two of you my conscience is always alive."

"Don't you talk of loafing! I gave or paid for a dinner today for a good-for-nothing who had absolutely no excuse for being idle, a great, husky fellow. I tell you a man can't afford

to hand out cash to every beggar he meets, if he wants to get ahead at all. I work for my money and I don't enjoy squandering it."

"Indeed, you do work. But what have I done all this summer, apart from some bits of mending and loads of reading!"

"You've got plump!" he insisted pinching her pink cheeks. "That's what I want to see." He hid from her his own guilty golf conscience. He could not claim to be overworked at the office.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, half-rising from the table. "Who's the new arrival? I thought Fletcher wasn't expecting help so soon."

"Neither was he. But this man came out with Robinson's man in a car an hour ago. The Robinsons have three boys from Nova Scotia."

The young barrister made short work of his supper. The prospects beckoned. It was all a study in yellow, from the children's hair to the great bowl of golden, black-eyed Susans on the white oilcloth, and out to the sweep of harvest-lands, shoots of yellow evening sunshine all about. Beautiful.

The intoxicating air of the prairies quickened his pulses. He strode down the field. They would be working late to-night. Already the moon sailed white in the heavens, peer of the golden sun in that galaxy of heavenly bodies, which appears at the very crest and crown of the year. Abreast in the binder the four powerful horses swung down the long field, sweeping the proud grain beneath the knife for instant execution.

Shouting with glee, the children ran across the stubble ground, the boy leading.

"Aren't they growing!" the father said. "They're perfect specimens."

His wife's word of concurrence drowned in a scream. How had it happened? Prone on the ground lay the boy, his yellow curls mingling with the grain, his head as low. The horses were brought to a stop by the white-faced Fletcher just a minute too late.

Terror lends wings. Yet to the parents their limbs seemed weighted. Even as they ran, they saw that the harvest hand was there, was bending over—

"It's his leg!" he exclaimed as they reached him. "Pretty badly cut." The blood was gushing out in a terrifying manner. The mother, stooping to unite the shoe, strove to soothe, the while she murmured words of compassion; the young father awkwardly trying to roll up the overalls, wildly wished he knew anything at all about surgery. "He'll bleed his life away! I'm sure he has cut an artery."

Without a word, the stranger whipped a clean handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it tight around the leg just above the cut; inserted his closed pocket-knife within the knot, and with a skilful turn and twist the tourniquet was complete.

"That will do, meantime," he said. "I'll lift him to the house."

The father, with the boy already in his arms, looked up sharply. For the second time that day the two young men faced each other.

"It's you, is it?" said the lawyer. "Lucky you came when you did."

But it was not until the doctor, hastily summoned, had rendered sharp relief, that they knew just how great their luck had really been.

"Who gave first aid?" the surgeon queried, turning to the father in the first moment of respite.

Stammering in his perturbation. "The — the harvest hand here," the father answered.

"Undoubtedly he saved the boy's life," said the surgeon briefly. And then, "You're a doctor?" he queried, turning his keen glance on the young stranger, the while he replaced his implements of mercy in the little brown bag.

"No, a fourth year man, McCall." "And how do you happen out here? In search of health?"

"Yes, and the wherewithal for next year's fees."

Through the bright lamplight beside the kitchen table, the air heavy with the fumes of chloroform, the doctor scanned him searchingly. "Didn't I take care of you in a field hospital in France?"

"I think you did, sir. I remembered you right away. I was knocked up quite a bit."

That knock up gave you your M. C. if I remember rightly."

"It must be hard for you to recall all your cases, Doctor," the student said evasively.

"But I'm right, am I not? I would not like to think my memory had played me false."

For answer the young man thrust this hand into his trousers pocket. In his palm, as he withdrew it, lay a couple of faded ribbons for which many a man had given his life.

The father's face, staring at them, was a conflict of emotions. If he had not been so hard in his judgments, so self-centered, and so complacent about his own war service, he might have remembered that some men do not wear their hearts on their sleeves.

"You saved my boy's life and I had only given you a paltry consideration."

"I got a mighty good lunch, I know. Perhaps Robinson was responsible."

"You met him there?"

"We sat at the same table."

They had moved outside into the soft twilight lest they disturb the little patient. Looking down the long field, the father shuddered. How near had he come to winnowing in all the yellow grain and cutting down that yellow-haired lad of his in the process. Yet had he refused to put out the helping hand to this young stranger, what would the tale have been?

"No. I Hard." "That's my number," he said aloud.

"Not at all," said the surgeon, laying his hand comfortingly across the barrister's broad shoulders. "You responded to the call for help. What more could a man do?"

The father drew a quick breath. One would be beyond hope of redemption who could not make a fresh start towards generosity and magnanimity after—this!

"And take the long view of things," the surgeon added. "Also, cheer up." He turned to the young medico. "That's one thing we learned over there, wasn't it, Doctor?"

## Gallaudet Home

It was on the rare day of the twentieth of last June, when the sun was well down in the slope of the sky, and the grounds about the house were streaked with the dark shadows of the many lofty trees that give the place a charming and interesting appearance, when Mr. Samuel Gardner showed up in front of the portico in his sedan. His mission was to take Mrs. Matilda Van Rider, who reached the eighty-fourth year of her age on the second of October last, and was admitted to the Home on the twentieth of December, 1925, to the Vassar Hospital at Poughkeepsie. The matron accompanied the aged and infirm lady, who had not been feeling well for some length of time. She died on the evening of July the seventh, and her funeral took place on the tenth of July. Because the young and popular vicar of St. Ann's Church, Rev. John H. Kent, was unable to come and preach the sermon over the remains of the deceased, and because Rev. Guilbert Braddock was out of town, the vicar sent Mr. Robert A. Kerstetter up here to conduct the funeral service in his stead. This gentleman is of no little help to the citizen, and to the deaf in their spiritual need, and this was the first time he had been called upon to conduct a funeral service. He arrived here at about 11 A.M., on the tenth of July, at which time all the folks assembled in the chapel, and the service was delivered. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, the daughter and son-in-law of the deceased, along with their twenty years old son, arrived in time to attend the service. With them they brought a magnificent wreath. There was an equally beautiful floral wreath resting on the top of the casket in front of the pulpit, that had been purchased by the members of the family. The other hearing persons, besides the relatives of the deceased, who attended the service were: Mrs. C. D. Foster, the president of the lady managers, the matron, Miss Martin, and Miss Allen, the assistant matron. Immediately after the short service, the remains of the departed one were taken over to the cemetery for interment. At the grave Mr. Kerstetter offered prayer. He left for the metropolis the following day. He was a pupil of the Philadelphia school. He is totally

deaf, but can speak a little. When he was quite a small boy, so he informs me, his father, who was a well-to-do farmer, foolishly spent two thousand dollars with the hope of having the boy's hearing restored. The day before he was sent up here to deliver the funeral service, he went down to the Atlantic Highlands aboard the Mandalay, an excursion steamer, and when the vessel was fairly on her course, and there was no land in sight, Mr. Kerstetter found it so very cold he wished he had taken his overcoat along with him. He is now in his sixtieth year.

We folks up here have suffered quite a bit from the excessive heat. At one time, on the ninth of July, the mercury was found to be up above the ninetieth degree. A metropolitan friend of mine, speaking of the heat down in the city, writes me, saying among other things; "I can imagine that you have not enjoyed this spell of weather, but it must be much cooler in your home than it is in this stifling old city. The buildings and pavements seem to absorb the heat, and then take great pleasure in throwing it out again on us poor human beings."

Recently Mr. Samuel Gardner had a long-distance telephone installed in the old farmhouse, and has improved the dwelling in many different ways, and made it more habitable than it was when he and his family moved into it a decade ago. The old tangled and rusty wire fences about the house and farmyard have been replaced by new ones, and so the place has a more becoming and more modern appearance. Sam's hired men are two colored men from the South. For him to be able to secure young white men to work on the farm is almost an impossibility, when we all know such youths are so fond of the town or city in which they live, and where their working hours are short and easy, they turn their backs on farm labor. Sam lives with his wife and two grown-up girls, Eleanor and Marica, both of whom are in their twenties. Eleanor is a school teacher. Marica, the star of her father's house, has two more years to attend the New York State Normal School at Albany, and so when she leaves that seat of learning she will be a teacher too.

Several members of the Sunshine Club of Poughkeepsie entertained the members of the family on the afternoon of July fourteenth. They hired five or six machines for us to have a joy ride as far as Beacon and back again. Beacon is a large town some ten miles south of here, and is opposite Newburgh. We got back here at twenty past five, and then we had a dish of delicious ice-cream. We also had cake, salad, and boiled eggs or supper. We had this meal out on the asphalt portico, where it was so much cooler than in the dining room.

Miss Mildred Sickles, a young friend of the matron and assistant matron, is staying here for the summer, where it is healthier for her than in Troy, N. Y., where she is a permanent resident. She will be thirteen next October twenty-ninth. Despite the fact that she has no playmates here, she is gay and seems very happy. She is so used to this lovely place, it is not easy for her to become lonesome. She has spent her vacation here during the past several summers.

Mrs. Catherine Leary left here June 13th, to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Browning, who resides in Byron, N. Y.

STANLEY.

## PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Diocese of Washington and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 518—9th Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, S. E. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 11 A.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Services by Appointment:—Virginia: Lynchburg, Danville, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney, Parkersburg, Clarksburg, Fairmont, etc.

Service held in New Haven, Bridgeport and Waterbury, Ct., Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Lowell, Lawrence and Danvers, Mass., Portland and Lewiston, Maine, by appointment.

## DETROIT

The Fraternal Club of the Deaf gave a "500" card social at its hall, on Saturday evening, July 28th. A good crowd was present. The winners were: Mrs. Chas. Miller, \$2.50, first prize; Mrs. R. V. Jones, \$1.50, second prize; Mrs. George C. May, \$1.00, third prize.

Mrs. Norma Huhn had an operation on her feet, caused by ingrowing nails. She is on the road of recovery, and is able to be around at this present time.

Pontiac Silents went to Akron, Ohio, to play indoor baseball against the Akron Silents, and gave the Akron Silents a good beating, by the score of 17 to 7.

During the O. A. D. convention at Toronto last July, the Detroit Silents played an indoor baseball game against the East Toronto Silents, and defeated the Canucks by the score of 6 to 1 for a prize of \$25. One of the Canadian boys, Mr. Sloane, of Western Park, pitched for the Detroit Silents.

Mrs. W. K. Liddy, of Windsor, Canada, leaves the first week in August, to spend the balance of the summer with her sister, Mrs. E. S. Boehmer, at her summer home, Port Elgin, on Lake Huron, until the National Exhibition opens, when she will go to her parents' summer cottage, Centre Island, Toronto.

Mr. Ben Hall, of Chicago, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie. He expects to stay in Detroit for a chance to get work at the Fordson Co.

Miss Maltida Stark spent a week's vacation at her niece's summer cottage at St. Clair Flats and got four fish by herself. She might be a good fisherman.

Mrs. Lynch, of Bay City, went to Ypsilanti to visit her parents, and about forty deaf friends from Detroit gave her a big surprise at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith's house. All had a swell time. After the affair was over, a party of four, including Mrs. Lynch, drove to see Mrs. Lynch's parents. On the way they met with an accident, being by overturned by a big truck. Mrs. Wm. Greenbaum got a big gash on her head, and the doctor had to sew eight stitches. She is at home and is improving.

Peter Hellers and children will leave for Erie, Pa., on Tuesday, to visit her sister.

Mrs. Thomas Kenney is having the company these days of her sisters from Mississippi and Iowa for a while.

Mrs. Albert H. Jones, daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones, gave birth to a baby boy, weighing eight pounds, named Richard. Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones are proud to become grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grimes and Miss Pekins, all of Chicago, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Meck.

Mrs. Sarah Brimer, of Knoxville, and Miss Versie Grissom, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, are visiting Mrs. Brimer's daughter for a few weeks.

The Ephphatha Episcopal Mission of the Deaf held an outdoor picnic at Belle Isle on Sunday afternoon, July 29th. A big crowd turned out. A self-serve cafeteria was in operation. Cleared good profit. The next outing will be a boat outing to Bob-Lo Island Park, for the benefit of the Mission, August 25th. Mr. H. B. Waters is chairman and Mr. Geo. C. May, vice-chairman.

Mrs. Darling spent a month's vacation in Baltimore, Maryland, visiting her parents.

Mr. Parish, of Wisconsin, is in Detroit searching for work. All hope he will catch on with the Fordson Co.

Mrs. Augusta Schneider spent two weeks' vacation near Buffalo, N. Y., visiting her friend, Mrs. Daley.

John May, eleven years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. George May, has been at Irish Hills Scout camp for two weeks. He learned to swim and had a wonderful time.

## PACIFIC NORTH SERVICES FOR THE DEAF.

REV. OLOF HANSON, MISSIONARY Seattle, First and Third Sunday at St. Mark's.  
Tacoma, September 9, at Christ Church.  
Vancouver, Sept. 23, at St. Luke's.  
Portland, Sept. 23, at St. Stephen's.



## Deaf Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9, 1928.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year.....\$2.00  
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Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### ALLEVIATING DEAFNESS

RECENTLY one of the New York newspapers, if not several of them printed a story of a deaf-mute, who is still a pupil at a "Manhattan school."

This deaf-mute's name is given as Robert Hoffman and his age said to be eleven years.

His mother, or an enthusiastic relative, had read in a newspaper that persons have been cured, at least partly, of deafness by riding in airplanes and were persuaded to charter a plane. Capt. William Purcell, a Curtiss pilot took the boy up, maneuvered the plane through a variety of loops, nose dives, barrel rolls, and other stunts ascending to a height of 5,000 feet.

On reaching *terra firma*, Hoffman said he could hear a little better than before the ride in the plane. So, it is said, Mrs. Hoffman intends to charter a plane and continue the treatment.

Now, we do not want to discourage the deaf from having their sense of hearing improved by the atmospheric pressures that are suddenly exerted by airplane movements at high altitudes, but up to date there are no authentic reports of hearing being "restored" by such a risky method.

A reputable physician can remove any obstacle that obstructs the ear-channel, by sudden gusts through the nostrils, or by surgical treatment—though surgery on the inner ear requires delicate care or permanent (and oftentimes painful) injury will result.

A great many deaf people who never possessed but the slightest remnant of hearing, mistake intense vibration for hearing. They think that the noise they felt with their whole physical being was hearing. Not having heard sounds, they misinterpret the intensive air agitation and roar which the motor causes, to be genuine hearing.

A year or more ago, a girl in Chicago was said to have had her hearing "restored" by flying in an airplane. The newspapers circulated the story throughout the nation. But today this young lady is said to be as deaf as she was before the experiment.

In a western State the newspaper dispatch created great excitement and hope in the breast of a parent. He sent his boy up with the fond hope of having him returned a son endowed with the sense of hearing. The plane crashed and the boy was killed.

Medical science is the surest and best resort in the alleviation of deafness.

It is possible that the deafened (hard of hearing) require public aid in the shape of money donations for clubs, etc., because they attempt to be the same as normal hearing persons. They try to make a lame sense perform the functions of a perfectly normal sense. There is no doubt but lip-reading will help them out, but some of them are too sensitive to declare their infirmity. The really

deaf, who have been educated in schools for the deaf, recognize their limitations, and consequently have little trouble in getting along in the world and living happy and useful lives.

### NEW YORK RED CROSS

Volunteers in the rank of the American Red Cross constitute the bulwark of its strength. This is shown in the report of many activities of local Red Cross Chapters. Under New York Chapters, these workers produced in nine months of the past year 72,524 garments for hospital and other such uses, 316,615 surgical dressings, typed 11,715 pages of Braille reading matter for the blind, besides performing other valuable work. A total of 835 volunteer workers served under New York Red Cross Chapters in this field.

Such services are being duplicated under Chapters in nearly every part of the United States, though not necessarily on the same scale.

In addition of production of articles already listed, volunteers annually render thousands of hours of life-saving duty at swimming resorts and other places where they might be needed, and also assist the regular Red Cross staff in training others to perform such duties. Volunteers form the backbone of disaster relief forces of the Red Cross, and the full value of their services in the almost continual chain of such occurrences can never be fully computed.

These workers are especially valuable in the Annual Roll Call, through which the membership of the American Red Cross is built up each year. The Twelfth Annual Roll Call, this year, from November 11th to 29th, will see thousands of these helpful members of the organization all over the United States, assisting in this way to make the work of their Red Cross more effective through nation-wide membership.

### Albany, N. Y.

#### ARTHUR T. BAILEY PASSES AWAY

On June 15th, at Winnipeg, Man., Canada, Arthur T. Bailey, our friend and former brother, President of the Albany Division, No. 51, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. His body was laid to rest in Brookside Cemetery, Winnipeg, Canada. Through the efforts of Grand President Francis Gibson, of Chicago, Ill., and Mr. Harold R. McQuade, of Albany, N. Y., and a committee from Albany and Schenectady, the following amount of money was collected to cover the funeral expenses of our deceased brother and fellow-worker:

Collected by Harold McQuade—\$26.25	
Mr. and Mrs. C. Morris, Albany.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. Geith, Albany.....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mendel, Albany.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Picard, Albany.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. Siewak, Albany.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown, Albany.....	2.00
Miss A. Lewis, Albany.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. Armstrong, Albany.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Gruet, Northville.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Corrigan, Troy.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard John, Troy.....	1.00
Miss Margaret Hotelling, Albany.....	.25
Mr. and Mrs. John Johannas, Gloversville.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. McQuade, Albany.....	2.00
Collected by Earl Calkins—\$9.00	
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Calkins, Albany.....	2.00
Mr. Robert Paterson, Watford.....	2.00
Mr. Fred Donnelly, Albany.....	1.00
Miss Dorothy Schue, Albany.....	1.00
Mr. Minnie Sparks, Rochester.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman, Albany.....	1.00
Mr. Milton Robertson, Albany.....	1.00

Collected by Edward Klier—\$42.50	
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bedell, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cormack, Schenectady.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eldredge, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sack, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Dolph, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. Harry Barnes, Schenectady.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Seely, Hagman.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. L. Wasserman, Amsterdam.....	10.00
Miss Ella Steltzner, Amsterdam.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Demott, Gloversville.....	1.00
Mr. James Trainer, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. W. Carmichael, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. W. Fuller, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Koeper, Schenectady.....	1.00
Mr. Edward Klier, Schenectady.....	10.00
Mr. K. Bylinski, Schenectady.....	.50
Eight Friends, (Collected by Rev. Merrill.....	3.00

Other Sources—\$107.24	
Brooklyn Division.....	\$10.00
Manhattan Division.....	21.00
Donan Division.....	6.25
Chicago Division.....	16.00
Syracuse Division.....	8.35
Schenectady Division.....	10.00
Albany Division.....	15.00
St. Paul's Church, Albany.....	8.29
St. Ann's Church, New York City.....	12.25
Total.....	\$187.99

In behalf of the committee mentioned above, I wish to extend our hearty thanks and appreciation to everyone who so willingly cooperated with us in this last endeavor to aid one of our beloved brothers, and a personal friend.

Respectfully yours,

HAROLD R. MCQUADE,  
Chairman.

EARL CALKINS  
EDWARD KLIER  
JOSEPH CORMACK

## OHIO

Ohio Chamber of Commerce directors are planning a birthday feast for Ohio to celebrate 125 years of statehood, and have selected Columbus, the capital, for the exposition, October 24th to November 3d. It will be called the Ohio Progress Exposition.

From the newspapers we learn that traffic accidents are on the increase in Ohio, and that Ohio has had more such accidents than any other State. That must mean that more automobiles are owned in Ohio than elsewhere. It surely speaks well for the deaf drivers that only a very, very few of them are in accidents.

The following is from a Cincinnati paper and happened July 14th:

#### THREE DEAF-MUTES HURT

Two negroes were injured, one fatally, and three pedestrians suffered cuts and bruises when an automobile crashed into a loading platform at Twelfth Street and Reading Road, shortly before midnight Saturday.

The dead man was an unidentified negro, about thirty-four years old.

The injured: Luther William, thirty-four years old, negro, 3557 Reading Road, cuts on his face; Harold J. Matthews, forty-five years old, 5 Farrell Court, cuts and bruises on his body; his wife, Mrs. Marie Matthews, thirty years old, bruises, and their child, Ruth Matthews, two years old, cut on her face. All were removed to the General Hospital.

According to police, the automobile, driven by William, was traveling at high speed, when it crashed into the platform. Matthews and his wife, both deaf-mutes, and their daughter, were standing on the platform, waiting for a street car when the accident occurred. They were knocked down and showered with glass from the wind shield. Williams was arrested on a charge of reckless driving.

The Cincinnati deaf had the pleasure of having Rev. F. C. Smielau with them a short time ago and were much pleased with his sermon. About seventy attended the services, and we can well imagine that not one in attendance regretted having been there. The Cincinnati deaf are a progressive set as the following shows:—

#### DEAF-MUTES TO MEET

A special meeting of the Adult Deaf Welfare Society will be held tomorrow evening at the Deaf Center, 2021 Auburn Avenue, when arrangements will be completed for the annual lawn fete and supper, to be held Sunday.

Dr. Fred Swing and Dr. D. C. Handley, who have charge of the affair, have announced that Charles H. Urban will be the officer of the day, and he has invited all past officers to assist. Among these are Judge Dennis J. Ryan, Judge William H. Lueders, Judge Charles S. Bell, Charles P. Taft II., Judge Edward M. Hurley and Judge Samuel Bell.

Through the Center, the deaf-mutes have been enabled to have educational lectures in the sign language, recreation, social service and assistance from the handicapped agencies in obtaining employment. Proceeds of the fete Sunday will go toward the building fund debt.

The day, the 22d, we believe, proved stormy in the afternoon and the fete was somewhat hampered, but a fair crowd turned out after the storm was over.

July 17th, being the birthday anniversary for Mrs. George Clum, of Columbus, her two daughters prepared a dinner surprise for her, while she was out enjoying a ride with her married daughter, her other one, Juliana, prepared a big dinner, and when Mrs. Clum arrived home she found seven of her old friends gathered at the home to greet her and to test Miss Juliana's ability as a cook. From the way the dinner disappeared, she stood the test all right, and the menu was all her own makeup. The dinner was served in four courses, consisting of fruit cocktail, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, beets, hot rolls, a salad fixed inside of small tomatoes, angel food and ice-cream in fruit molds. The color scheme followed was pink and white. Mrs. Clum was remembered with some handsome presents too.

Mr. John C. Winemiller enjoyed a week-end visit at his boyhood home, Wapakoneta, and returned July 23d. On his way he stopped at the Y. M. C. A. camp to get his son, William, who had been enjoying camp life for awhile.

Mrs. Brady Cook (Iva Lohr) spent two weeks in London, Ohio, her former home. While there, the Lohr family went to the Ro-Fre-La camp, where forty of the London folks gathered to dine together. Mrs. Cook's nephew is at this camp, which is maintained for Boy Scouts.

Miss Hattie Deem, of St. Louis, in company with her mother and two friends, has been touring Ohio and visiting her father's relatives. After going as far as Niagara Falls, they will wander homeward and may inspect the Ohio Home on their way.

Miss Eva Hall, a deaf blind young lady of Cincinnati, has been at the Ohio Home for a short time, visiting with Miss Lenora Culpher, who is also deaf and blind. Miss Hall traveled from her home to Columbus alone. She makes her home with friends and

is in some way connected with the Clovernook Printing Company at Cincinnati.

Mr. Conrad Zorbaugh has returned to the Home from a Columbus Hospital, and is reported as doing well, although still confined to his room.

We and our sister are now enjoying a rest in the country near Cleveland, at the country home of our nephew, Col. Wm. F. Long. Here the air is clean and the cooling breezes from the lake are indeed refreshing. From our writing point we look out upon lovely woods. The farmers in this section are busy mowing and one can readily see what it means "to make hay while the sun shines."

E.

## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 178 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. James Delaney left for his home in Ottawa, on July 22d, after a three weeks' visit with friends here, following our convention. On his way down to the Capital, he made a stop over at Carleton Place to visit old friends. As this was his first time in the "Queen City," he was delighted with all he surveyed.

Mr. Leon Abram, of Montreal, has returned home after a delightful week with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stein. He then went to Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York City for an additional week's pleasures before returning home.

Mr. J. R. Byrne gave an excellent address at our church on July 22d, but owing to so many being away it was the smallest congregation of the season.

William Mackay, of the post-office staff, commenced his three weeks' vacation on July 23d. How and where he spent the time will be told on his return.

Miss Nellie Patrick has returned to her home in Lindsay, after a month's visit here, and also at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Mr. James Greene, of Chesley, motored down on July 21st, and next day left for home, taking with him his wife, who had been here since the convention, and also his sister, Mrs. Alex McCaul and her daughter, who will spend a month with her mother and friends out at her old home.

Miss Doris Davis left on July 21st for her home in St. John's, Que., after a three weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. Neil McGillivray. On the same train was Mr. Harry Oliver, bound for his home in Montreal, after spending the same time with the McGillivrays.

From his lofty pinnacle, little Daniel Cupid cajoles with the information that Miss Muriel Allen and Mr. James Tate have nodded to his pleadings and will be made one late in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell and children are away at time of writing, holidaying in the country. Their doings will be summed up later.

The picnic given by our Women's Association at the Island, on July 21st, was fairly well attended and the sum of \$22 was realized, but the expenses incurred may balance this. However, all had a good time anyway.

Mr. J. T. Shilton is in clover, with his family spending the entire summer at Wasaga Beach. John has a friend who goes up to the same place every week-end and gives John a lift to and fro each week.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Asa Forrester on July 23d, thus making it two girls and a boy. The mother was formerly Miss Muriel Kennedy, of this city.

On July 22d, Mr. Henry White and son, Gordon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Mrs. Henry Whealy, motored up to Cookstown for the meeting at the Bowen home. Despite the heavy rain that fell all morning, they covered the journey of nearly seventy miles in two hours.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, was a guest of her cousin, Miss Rosa Middleton, on Homeward Avenue, and also Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McGillivray over the week-end of July 21st.

Mr. David McGillivray, of Chicago, was pleased to meet his cousins, Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Mr. N. A. McGillivray, and other relatives here on July 21st, when he came down with the Inglewood Knights of the "Windy City" to pay a friendly visit to this city. This lodge has one of the best lodge bands in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Horn, of Winnipeg, returned home on July 30th, after a fortnight's delightful visit with the former's two brothers here, and during their stay here made many new friends. Mrs. Horn was formerly Miss Polly A. Yurkoska and a graduate of the Winnipeg school. Mr. Horn never went to a school, and though deaf, has acquired a wonderful knowledge, thanks to the sign-language which he masters fluently. He has a lucrative position with the C. N. R. in the Manitoba metropolis.

At a meeting of the local O. A. D. committee, held on July 20th, the expenses and receipts in connection with our late convention were tabulated and both sides seem to be equally in the balance. The expenses include the \$75 promised for the use of our

church. The total number at our banquet was 350, and the cost amounted to \$288. The total amount accrued from all sources came close to \$1500, while the expenses equalled that; with the Canada Steamship lines eating up over \$800 of the latter item. All the members of the committee smiled broadly when they found we had no deficits to pay.

### CONVENTION COMMENT

The baseball tournament caused great excitement and much speculation during its course, and as a prize of fifty dollars hung on its result, the various teams were groomed to the highest point of efficiency. On Monday afternoon, the team representing the "Union Jacks" downed the "Beavers," both of Toronto, to the tune of twelve to five, while the southern team, representing Hamilton-Brantford district, were trimming the "Maple Leafs" of Toronto, by 3 to 0. On Wednesday afternoon, the crucial test came, when the West downed the East in a hard fought game by 8 to 4. The finalists—the Southern team, with M. Rourke, of Hamilton, pitching, and the West with Harry Sloan on the firing line, then battled it out for the highest honors. It was a see-saw game until the third inning, when the West went to the front. In this inning, with one out, Russell Groves singled to right. Miller fouled to short. Eddie Pane scratched a single to left. John Crough then patted a hit over second, on which Groves scored. Then Merton McMurray cleared the bases with a mighty wallop to the centre pasture for a home run. Right here the West had put the game on ice, for the South could do no further scoring against the baffling slants of Pitcher Harry Sloan, who ruthlessly moved them down. Following this homer, Mr. Huretta crashed out a three-bagger and scored on a passed ball, and the West won by 6 to 1. Miller of the victors also homered in the first inning, but the South evened the score when H. Lloyd scored on a three-bagger and a fielder's choice. The teams were:

West 6	South 1
R. Groves	W. Martell
E. Miller	M. Rourke, (Pitcher)
E. Payne	J. Green
J. Crough	R. McKenzie
M. McMurray	H. Lloyd
W. Huretta	R. Bowen
J. Thornley	F. Holt
R. Marshall	H. Brown
H. Sloan, (Pitcher)	S. Youngs

### TOURNAMENT TALES

It was a hard fought game. Harry Sloan had a very wicked curve and many an opposing batsman whiffed the air in vain.

Robert McKenzie was the premier catcher. No matter how the ball was pitched he always caught it with ease. Bob is the catcher of the Burford team, U. F. O. champions of Ontario.

Messrs. Ernest Hackbush and H. W. Roberts were official scorers while Messrs. Elmer Drake and A. S. Waggoner were umpires.

As will be seen, the three Toronto teams were easily erased from the picture, the fourth team, the Olympians, having defaulted.

Charles McLaughlin, who pitched for the "Maple Leafs" against the Southern team, was no puzzle. They found his curves easy picking.

Captain Jack Crough was all smiles as he led his victorious boys off the diamond and congratulated the defeated team for its persistent pluck.

### LONDON LEAVES

Please take notice of these coming big events:—

The joint meeting of our mission and picnic committees will meet for business transaction at 8 p.m., on August 18th, at the Y. M. C. A., with John F. Fisher and Charles A. Ryan, respectively, presiding.

Regular monthly gospel meeting at Y. M. C. A., on August 19th, when Mr. Fred W. Terrell, of Toronto, will speak.

Be sure and follow the crowd to our big annual picnic at Springbank Park, on Labor Day.

Mr. George McDonald, of Walkerville, will be here and address our big Sunday meeting on September 2d, at 3 p.m.

Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, will be up for the mission meeting on September 30th. Everybody is cordially invited to join in these gatherings.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wright, of Detroit, motored down to attend the funeral of the latter's mother on July 16th. They have our sympathy in their loss.

After attending the Toronto convention, Miss Blanche Brewer came here and visited her old friend, Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., for a few days before returning to her home in Bothwell, on July 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cornford and Mr. George Moore motored out to Springfield, on July 2d, where they visited Mr. Moore's brother.

The father of Mrs. Melvin Gould died of cancer in Detroit, on July 16th, in his seventy-fourth year. Melvin is a brother to W. H. Gould, Jr.

Mr. Herbert Wilson and his fiancée, Miss Morley, spent the first week of July visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dark have returned from a three weeks' sojourn with their daughter and son in Detroit.

Mrs. George MacDonald and daughter, of Walkerville, have returned home

after a good visit to her sister, Mrs. Smith, here and also at the Port Stanley resort, where she received much physical benefit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher motored to Sarnia, on July 21st, where they spent that week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson. On Sunday Mr. Fisher gave a very interesting address to a large assemblage of the deaf there.

Mr. Fred McNab, of Minneapolis, Minn., was one of the large crowd who attended the meeting at the Y. M. C. A., on July 15th, when Mr. Norman Gleadow, of Hamilton, preached a good sermon. Mr. McNab, who had been visiting relatives in St. Thomas for a couple of months, left for his home in the "Flour Mills City," on July 20th.

Quite a number of our deaf friends stole away to Port Stanley on the quiet on July 18th, and gave Mrs. George McDonald a surprise call. A very pleasant time ensued.

### AURORA ANECDOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbieri visited the latter's parents and relatives in Fiesherton for a few days lately.

While out at Schomberg Junction on June 30th, Mr. Frank West met with a very painful accident. While standing on the curb, waiting for a radial car, a reckless motorist whisked by, knocking him down and rendering him unconscious momentarily. Frank was picked up and found to be painfully bruised, but fortunately was not seriously injured. The driver did not halt and the police are now on his trail. This accident prevented Mr. and Mrs. West from attending the big convention in Toronto, but we are glad to say Frank is all right now.

Mr. and Mrs. Audry Corbieri, of St. Catharines, spent the week-end of July 21st with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbieri, while on their way home from their camp, where they spent a couple of weeks fishing in the pike-infested waters near Wau-baushene.

Miss Sarah McKenzie, of Toronto, has returned to the "Queen City" after a two weeks' vacation. She spent a week around the environments of Niagara Falls and the rest of the time at her parental home here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Mrs. Henry Whealy and Henry White and son, Gordon, all of Toronto, gave the deaf of this town a cheery call on July 22d, while motoring through to the meeting at Cookstown. Mr. Herbert McKenzie followed them to the meeting in his car, taking along his youngest son and the West family. Our Toronto friends called here again while homeward bound.

Mr. Frank A. West took a trip to Holland Landing, on July 15th, where he put in the day looking up his many relatives and had a fine time.

### COOKSTOWN CALLS

After the Roberts meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton remained overnight with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall, returning to their home in Horning Mills the following afternoon.

Mrs. Ramsay, of Toronto, is staying for a while with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Bowen.

Despite the torrential rain that came down all forenoon of the day of the meeting, on July 22d there was an unexpectedly large turnout of the deaf from many miles around at the Bowen homestead. Here Mr. H. W. Roberts, who motored up from Toronto with Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Henry Whealy and Mr. Henry White and son, Gordon, gave a good sermon in the morning on "Paul's Consecration to a Living Work," and was assisted by Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Whealy, who rendered very sweetly the hymn, "Saviour, More than Life to Me." In the afternoon Mr. Roberts spoke on "The Abiding Faith." Here Mrs. S. Averall gracefully recited "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," while Messdames Roberts and Whealy charmed the crowded room with that inspiring hymn, "All Hail the Name of Jesus."

It is just a year ago, on August 25th, that Arthur Bowen breathed his last in this world and since then his widow and three children, all deaf, have been running the little farm to a degree of success. Mrs. Bowen is willing to take in any summer boarders who wish to spend a holiday in the highlands of Simcoe County, far from the hot city streets. Here all the comforts of a quiet home, with high-class meals and lodging, can be had at only seven dollars a week. Her address is Cookstown, Ont.

The Bowen twins, Misses Esther and Margaret, are again returning to the Belleville school this fall for the tenth term. They are a beautiful pair of golden-haired maidens.

At the meeting on July 22d, Mrs. William Beaird, of Beeton, informed us that her husband, who has been in impaired health for some time past, is slightly improved, but still far from normalcy.

The deaf here only wish that Mr. Roy Bowen had been picked up along with Harry Sloan, of Churchill, to form the nucleus of the winning team at the Toronto convention baseball tournament. They are known as the Simcoe County crack battery. These boys live only a few miles apart and Harry was the pitching ace of the victorious team, while Roy played for the runners-up.

### ATLISA CRAIG ABSTRACTS

Mrs. John A. Moynihan, of Waterloo, had been spending the latter part of July as the guest of Miss Marybelle Russell, and had a good time.

In addition to Mrs. Moynihan, Miss Russell also had Miss Grace Watts, of Thedford, as a guest, and the three formed a trio of seemingly young maidens fresh from college.

On July 23d, Mr. Austin Noyes, of Denfield, motored over to see us and was surprised to find Miss Marybelle Russell entertaining her two deaf lady friends, Mrs. Moynihan and Miss Watts. Before leaving, friend Austin gave the young ladies many a long auto ride over the hills and through the dales—a treat so pleasantly enjoyed.

While sojourning here, Mrs. Moynihan and her hostess, Miss Russell, journeyed over to Thedford and visited Miss Grace Watts, who lives with her sister on a farm three miles outside that village.

Miss Marybelle Russell lives here with her beloved mother, who is a most affectionate old lady, extremely fond of her daughter and most lovable to all her deaf guests. Long may she live.

### WYOMING WAVES

Misses Jean Wark and Edith Squires have returned from their visit in Toronto, loud in the good time they had.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Brown, of Rochester, Mich., dropped off and remained over night as guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Wark, on July 5th, while en route home from the big Toronto convention. Mr. Albert Siess, of Pontiac, Mich., was in the bunch and driver of his car.

Miss Edith Squires, of Petrolia, came down to visit her friend, Miss Jean Wark, on July 21st, and



## CHICAGO

Howard W. Simpson, former Superintendent of the South Dakota School for the Deaf, died July 26th, at Wichita, Kansas, of heart trouble, according to word received here.

Miss Laura Sheridan, a former teacher of the Illinois school for deaf, who lives in quiet retirement with her folks in Indiana, came here to spend one month.

Mrs. William Hoffman, *nee* Grace Knight, a former Chicagoan, came from Terra Bella, Cal., to spend three months visiting her relatives and friends.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his daughter, Constance, went this week to Lake Delavan, Wis., to join his wife, who already has been there for some time for one month's rest.

Philip, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stephens, went in company with 10,000 members of the Illinois National Guard to Camp Grant in Rockford, Ill., to begin a training period of fifteen days.

Mrs. R. Danks, a deaf woman, with her little daughter, came last week from Rockville, Ct., to visit her deaf brother, Wm. Sheehan, who is confined to his home on account of his injured foot, as mentioned in JOURNAL.

Mrs. Gus. Hyman, Superintendent of the Home for Aged Deaf, has returned from a one week's vacation spent in Indiana, where her brother was killed in the explosion of his locomotive boiler.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy enjoyed a truck trip, given by the Northwestern Company, at Marton's Grove, Saturday, July 28th, on the invitation of his foreman, Mr. Martin, who has a deaf sister living in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Scott, a deaf-mute of Texas, is in St. Luke's Hospital, as the result of his ankle being fractured in the steer-riding contest at the Texas Austin rodeo at Soldier's Field, Sunday, July 29th. At the afternoon performance, 30,000 spectators were thrilled by Deaf Scott's wrestle with a steer. Both fell to the ground and it rolled over on him with the above result.

The K. L. D. convention held at Cincinnati, Ohio, last July, decided to retain all the same officers for the next convention, except John P. Hafl, of New York City, elected to succeed L. Weiss, of Milwaukee, Wis., as supreme secretary, according to Ed. F. Toomey who returned from the meeting.

A truck outing given by the Ephpheta Club, at Lambert, Ill., Sunday, July 29th, under the chairmanship of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schwartz, was a success. The day being sunny and pleasant, a truck loaded with passengers, left the club house at 9.30 o'clock. Some automobiles full of passengers, operated by owners followed. Another truck leaving Wisner Street carried a heavy load of passengers with some automobiles following. Both trucks reached Lambert at noon without trouble. After eating lunch the merry-makers passed a social afternoon in sports, golfing and baseball games. At the close of a pleasant affair, the trucks and automobiles went over the same routes back to their homes.

Miss Gertrude Fulton, who works for a hat company, went out to a delicatessen store for a package of potato chips, at noon July 27th. After eating them she became dizzy and started over Michigan Boulevard, in danger from passing automobiles, reeling like a drunkard. She attracted the attention of a policeman, who went to place her under arrest on a charge of her being intoxicated, but she motioned to him that she was in a daze, so he helped her over to the factory of the company, where she vomited much. A doctor was called to examine her condition and said she was poisoned from eating something. He also said she would have died from ptomaine poisoning, if she did not vomit. The company sent her in a taxi cab to her home at its expense.

Herbert Stearns, of Rockford, passed through Chicago on the 14th, on a bus tour to Boston and other points.

Edwin Hazel, of Omaha, passed through, en route to visit his brother's family in South Bend, Ind., recently.

William Allman, Grand Trustee of the N. F. S. D. from 1909 to 1912, and an old-time Gallaudet man, who was once prominent in deaf circles, is said to have passed away in a sanitarium on the 12th, and was buried in Sturgis, Michigan. He was once cashier of a bank.

Archie Kerr is located in Los Angeles.

Jack Seipp, the former Gallaudet star, who plunks a lino type on the *Journal of Commerce* here, seems to have cinched the third base job on the Chicago Union Printers' baseball team, which won the national printers' tournament last year. This is unusual, as for fifteen years no deaf player has been allowed to make any kind of a hearing team in Chicago—prejudice too strong in these days, when every rapid remark has a hidden signal in it regarding team-play.

Seipp is expected to participate in the Union Printers' baseball tournament at Boston, starting August 11th.

Caroline Hyman is spending her school vacation in Michigan. Miss Olga Anderson went back to North Dakota, taking Melvin, her brother's son, with her for the summer. Before she left, Mesdames Gus Anderson and Emery Horn gave her a nice party in the new N-W district. Mrs. Arthur L. Roberts, Mrs. W.

Whitman, and J. F. Meagher won the prizes.

William Geilfuss, Gallaudet '02, of Milwaukee, spent his two weeks' vacation in town, renewing old acquaintances. The old footballer is fat and fit, not looking over thirty years of age.

A former Chicagoan, then Miss Lydia McNeil, but now Mrs. John S. Wondrack, of Cincinnati, spent a week-end here with her husband and his brother, Fred, driving to the Black Hills, Yellowstone, Portland, California and back by the Mexican border. They use a Ford sedan, with camping equipment. All three are former students at Gallaudet College.

One of the outstanding social affairs of the season was Mrs. Meagher's party of July 18th, in honor of Miss Catherine Marks, of Omaha, who has since departed, after several weeks here with her brother. Three dozen attended, and Mrs. Morton Henry ranked high in "500," with 3760 points in a seven-rubber game. Other prizes went to Mrs. W. Evison, Mrs. Jack Kondell, Mrs. Fred Young and Mrs. Frederick Meinken. Miss Marks was awarded a lovely necklace as a remembrance. A dainty repast was served at six.

The Edward Carlsons have traded in their old Ford for a new Studebaker sedan.

The Karl Niklaus, of Mt. Morris, spent a week-end here as guest of Miss Jennie Reid. A party was given in their honor on the 22d.

Misses Erickson, Thomas, Lawrence and Leerhoff tendered a birthday party to Miss Elizabeth Plonshinsky, attended by some two dozen ladies. Prizes went to Mrs. Gus Anderson for guessing pennies in a jar; Mrs. Emery Horn for questions and answers; Mrs. J. Meagher for capitals of states; and Miss Myrtle Nelson for names of flowers.

The Harry Leiters have come back to civilization, after a couple of years way out in the wilderness of Maywood. They resided on the far South Side.

Horace Perry recently spent a week-end in Buffalo, looking over the scene of the 1930 N. A. D. convention. He reports the Queen City silents are an energetic-looking bunch, and will put it over in fine shape.

After several weeks here, Charles Kessler went to join his wife in New Jersey. The Kesslers will return to teach in the Tennessee school this fall.

One of the down-state newspapers had a long article and photo of Birney Wright, who has just completed his course in the summer coaches' school at the University of Illinois, under Hoff, Zuppke, etc. Wright coached at the Ohio school last year, and will coach in Flint, Mich., next month. Another newspaper clipping to hand relates a baseball game between the coaches and a strong professional aggregation, won by the coaches; "Wright, a deaf-mute coach, showed splendid form in left field with two put outs, one assist, and in three times at bat got two hits, one run, two bases on balls, and swiped a couple bags for good measure."

Some 200 attended the Lutheran picnic July 28th. Over two dozen came in their own cars, including Peter Scott in his brand new Nash sport coupe, which he is learning to drive. The girls were particularly interested in Scott's car. Great Scott!

The Arthur Hansens and Otto Lorenz managed a successful surprise party at the Fred Young home on the 28th, celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. A half-dozen gathered to detain the Youngs, while two dozen more met by appointment in the Young garage, where they dressed, then paraded around the block to the front door—to the delight of all the neighbors. When the Youngs answered the bell, "Parson" Ernest Craig solemnly marched in, followed by "Miss" J. Frederick Meagher in bridal garb, on the arm of "Mr." Myrtle Nelson. The *bon mots*, or impromptu wise-cracks and snappy come-backs, that interrupted "Parson" Craig's ritual, are not for a family newspaper. Games and refreshments kept the party buzzing until nearly dawn.

"The Yogi" was a new one, pulled off in the Young's spacious basement, which was strung with several series of Christmas tree light outfits. A balloon was placed in a tin pal, then covered with a cloth; and two-by-two the revelers were brought down to learn their future fate, amid weird surroundings. After several false leads, they were compelled to embrace or hold hands, while the two free hands, holding pins, were instructed connect with the "Yogi" at command of the all-high "All Lowest." When the balloon thereon burst with a loud report, the couples were amply terrified.

The Youngs were recipients of plentiful Wearerver aluminum utensils. After the completion of the moving of the M. E. headquarters to the Ohio Building, 509 South Wabash Avenue, near Congress Street, the new place on the second floor is well ventilated and well lighted. It is broader than the old hall, and seats more than 500 persons. A platform with folding chairs under it, on the south side of the room, has been raised four steps high, giving churchgoers a full view of the pastor. A small room for the pastor's office is on the east side of the platform. A large kitchen is on the north side, with a sink, gas-range and tables. Coat and hat racks are on the west side of the kitchen.

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Sunday, July 29th, a large number of deaf people attended an opening service conducted by Rev. Hasenstab, followed by a program to celebrate the happy occasion, including hymns and talks tendered by girls and young men. One of the features on the program was an interesting story of the founding of the mission, related by F. Martin as follows: Professor Hammond, Kennedy, Rogers and the elder Gillett, former superintendent of the Illinois School for the Deaf, came from the school every Sunday to preach at the old M. E. Church, Washington and Clark Streets, by turns. Four years after that the M. E. Board secured a permanent pastor in person of Philip Hasenstab, a teacher at the school, on the request of Superintendent Gillett. Rev. Hasenstab has conducted services for thirty-five years, and has Henry S. Rutherford as assistant pastor, and his daughter, Constance, as home missionary to assist him.

P.

## New England

Ye steamer "Calvin Austin" will leave Boston Friday evening, August 31st, at 7 p.m. (Daylight time), with quite a few deaf for the New England Gallaudet Association Convention, in Portland, Me., and on Monday night, Labor Day, at 10 p.m., will return for the Hub. All these delightful, cool, comfortable, sea breezes, moonlight night ride, for five dollars round trip, and a dollar and a half up for berth. Cheaper than going by the dusty rail or bus!

Ye be advised to engage your berth both ways before August 15th. Do it now, because it will be difficult to get even a rat's space for a rolling ride home after that date.

Do not forget the Grande Balle in the school gym, Saturday evening, September 1st. Each one will be asked to contribute a half-dollar to help New England Home for Aged Deaf, in ye old town of Danvers, Mass. There will be a religious service by the New England Home for Aged Deaf, and for sixty-five cents a steamer ride at 1:30 p.m. around the woody isles of famed Casco Bay till 4:30 p.m. At 7:30 p.m., the N. E. G. A. will observe its seventy-fifth anniversary.

Monday's programme is in the hands of the Maine Mission, sports and possibly an outing at some nearby beach, possibly a clam bake—can ye smell the roasting clams? Ye headquarters of ye convention is at Sycamore Hotel, 23 Preble Street, Portland, Me., which can be reached by trolley cars from either the steamer landing or railroad depot. Get off at Monument Square. There is a real nice cafeteria at the hotel, where we can get our appetites satisfied without ever using our pads!

Write Will O. Kimball for a room—85 Spring Street, Portland, Me. Rooms are \$2.00 without bath and \$2.50 with bath for single, and \$4.00 without and \$4.50 with bath for double rooms at the Graymore Hotel. Now come, every one of you, and see what Maine is, how big she is. Get intoxicated by the piney and salty breezes landward or seaward, and you will regret being here so short a time.

AN OLD YANKEE.

## CALIFORNIA

Oliver Bonetti, graduate of the Berkeley school, has managed a large dairy and raised pigs successfully for two years on a part of his mother's ranch, containing four thousand acres, fourteen miles from here or eighteen miles to San Jose. He owns forty-five cows and thirty calves and fifty pigs and hogs. He has sold twelve fat hogs to a butcher, and agreed to dispose of nine more to him in August. His flock of calves will be increased to fifty-five in September and October. Who beats him in California? Oliver has purchased a new "Delaval Milker," and finds it saves him several hours to use it. The whole outfit cost him \$475, but it pays very well when one owns so many cows.

The other day Oliver and his deaf brother, Henry, gave a small party at the old homestead in honor of the birthday of Sidney H. Howard. Those present were: Messrs. Mangan, the Bonettis and Miss Johnson, and two bright little sons of Mangan and Mrs. Robinson. The Ludys and Mr. Kaiser and several other friends were cordially invited, but they failed to come, perhaps because they had no cars or it was too hot. Miss Johnson kindly roasted a fat chicken, and served it with all its dressings to the hungry guests, and also a large melon.

Mr. Howard is now in the eightieth year of his age and in the best of health. He continues the janitorship of the church, which located just across the street from his home. He still takes care of fruit and almond trees and blackberry bushes and flowers, as he has done for six years at home.

Some deaf friends pass through San Martin in their cars, on their way to San Francisco (75 miles) or to Los Angeles (375 miles), but never stop at Mr. Howard's and say: "Hello!" But it matters little, as he enjoys newspapers and magazines all the time and sometimes plays chess at the San Jose Coffee Club, whenever he has a chance to ride there.

X.

## BUFFALO

Anyone interested in the 1930 N. A. D. convention, and desiring information and free literature should write to A. L. Sedlowsky, Secretary Convention Committee, 89 Walnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y. News from outlying sections of Buffalo and Western New York intended for this column should be sent to same address.

Subscriptions to JOURNAL and renewals of subscriptions may be sent to Mr. A. Sedlowsky, who will forward same to the JOURNAL office.

On Sunday, July 29th, Messrs. C. N. Snyder, of Lockport, and A. L. Sedlowsky, of Buffalo, motored to Arcade, N. Y., in the former's car. It is only about thirty-five miles from Buffalo, but the trip took nearly three hours, because both men were captivated by the charming scenery that lined the way, and so the going was slow but highly enjoyable. East Aurora, world renowned home of the Roycroft Shops, is the half-way point to Arcade, and there Messrs. Snyder and Sedlowsky tarried awhile, admiring that spotlessly-clean village and picturesque Roycroft Shops. We're neither poet nor seer, and yet we felt like writing a few stanzas of poetry as we passed the beauty spots. And as for being a seer, we predicted a good many deaf motorists who will attend the N. A. D. convention here in 1930, will find delight in driving down this section of Western New York. At Arcade Messrs. Snyder and Sedlowsky dropped in on Allan Dunham, the big chicken man. Allan took them over to see his brood of three hundred and sixty chickens. Later on he took them for a sight-seeing tour through the Merrill-Soule milk factory. All very interesting. Now these boys know that milk doesn't come from cans as they, being city dwellers, had formerly believed. Allan's motherserved a dandy chicken dinner, which alone was worth the trip. The main purpose of the trip was to talk over the publicity side of the N.A.D. convention, but very little time was left for that. After dinner a call was made on Mrs. Sabra M. Wilson, where an hour was spent in pleasant conversation. The boys left for Buffalo at 5 p.m., after a very enjoyable time. Allan's chickens seem to be doing pretty well. This week he is shipping over a hundred to the Buffalo market. Mr. Snyder tells us that he would like to swap places with Allan.

Our daily grind prevented us taking in the R.S.D. picnic at Corbett's Glen on Saturday, July 28th. We are informed that it was a real good affair, there being over one hundred and twenty-five people present. The girls certainly did themselves proud. They had a dandy sports programme, with some unusual games. The fat ladies' race was won by Mrs. Ira Todd; the lucky spot game was captured by Mrs. J. Francis. The clothes-pin race for boys was carried off by Walter Schwagler. Carrol Merklinger and Flora Heffernan took the honors in the forward and backward race. The girls' tug-of-war team, captained by Doris Myers, bested the team captained by Eleanor Atwater. A modern innovation, a cigarette lighting contest, saw Floyd Dewitt and Gertrude Hermance come out victors. The peanut contest for children was won by Master Francis Schulte and Elsie Maxson. The youngest person present at the picnic was Stanley Benowitz, to whom a suitable prize was awarded. An added feature was the bazaar held by the girls.

Mr. Fred Lee, of Rochester, motored to Bridgeport, Ct., Boston and New York City, being accompanied by Mr. Bernard Teitelbaum, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Both returned in time to attend the picnic at Corbett's Glen. They report an enjoyable time at the above-mentioned places. Mr. Teitelbaum is planning a jaunt to the Thousand Islands. We don't know whether he intends to hike there or not.

Buffalo's new \$7,000,000 City Hall ought to be completed in time for visitors to the N.A.D. convention to inspect it. Contract has just been awarded. Judging by the architect's drawing, it will be a very imposing bit of structure. It will occupy Niagara Square, opposite the Hotel Statler, which will be N.A.D. headquarters.

All arrangements are now completed for the fourteenth annual Rochester Frat picnic, which will be held in Westminster Park at West Henrietta, N. Y., on Sunday, August 12th. The place is truly ideal, being located on the Genesee River, is few miles south of Genesee Valley Park. Being considerate of those people who have no cars of their own, the Rochester Frats have chartered a special bus for them. The bus will be free. It will leave Bus Terminal, Broad Street at South Ave., Rochester, at 9 o'clock sharp, Eastern standard time. It will accommodate only thirty people, so these who want to take advantage of the free ride are advised to be at the terminal early. The bus will bring these people back to the city after the picnic. Other buses will take the picnickers at 12, 2 and 4 p.m., and drive down Scotsville Road to Ballantyne Bridge, where

they will be met by thoughtful Frat motorists, who will drive them to the park. There will be a free dinner at noon to all ticket-holders. In the evening a special supper will be served at cost. There will be games, sports and prizes galore for men, women and children. In short, a real nice time is promised one and all. Let's go!

Mr. C. N. Snyder, of Lockport, wife and daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. Elmer Davis, of Plymouth Avenue, journeyed over 1600 miles during their recent auto trip to Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It was the first time Mr. Snyder visited his *Alma Mater*, Mt. Airy, in twenty-six years. While there he met some old friends, among them being George T. Sanders and John T. Roach. It was on July 4th, when they got to Mt. Airy School and consequently Mr. Snyder didn't meet as many of his old cronies as he'd have liked to; the majority of them being away for the day. That afternoon he and his family motored to the Home of the Aged Deaf at Torredale and were much impressed by the beautiful home. They spent two days at Atlantic City, where Mr. and Mrs. Davis visited the former's father, Mr. George Sanders accompanied them, later visiting Harrisburgh, the Capital of Pennsylvania; and incidentally taking in the church services conducted by the Rev. Mr. Pulver.

Mr. Henry Zink, who has charge of the N. A. D. picnic, to be held at Schafer's Grove on Saturday, August 25th, informs us that tickets for that affair are going like hot cakes. The committee confidently expects a complete sell-out. It will be the largest picnic ever held in these parts. And the preparations now under way certainly merit a big attendance. We are reliably informed that there will be a huge delegation from Rochester as well from all centers around Buffalo. Mr. Zink and Miss Palmgreen are a fine team, both of them past masters in the art of catering to and satisfying the masses. And Mr. Russell Martina has shown his ability in conducting sports events, therefore we look forward to a dandy sports programme. The easiest way to Schafer's Grove is via Delavan Avenue buses; or take Genesee Street car to City Line and walk one block north. More details will be announced in these columns later on.

Miss Eleanor Atwater is entertaining a few friends this week-end at her folks' cottage at Olcott Beach.

Messrs. LeGrand Klock and Yates Lansing, of Rochester, will be in Buffalo during the week-end of August 4th-5th, visiting with their many friends here.

Altor Sedlowsky will leave for Detroit early next week, to visit friends and relations there. Rumor has it it's a girl that is the magnet. From there he may go to Chicago and drop in at Frat Headquarters. He expects to return in time to take in the Rochester Frat picnic on August 12th.

S.

August 1, 1928.

## OMAHA

The Executive Board of the N. A. D. has sent out official notices of the tenth Triennial Convention of the Nebraska Association of the Deaf, which will be held August 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, with headquarters at the Nebraska School for the Deaf. Board and room will be \$1.50 per day, payable in advance. Single meals will be served at the rate of fifty cents per meal. Those not wishing to board at the school will find plenty of hotel accommodations down town. Membership dues of \$1.00 should be paid upon registration. It is hoped that this will be the largest and best convention ever held, and no expense will be spared to make it a success.

Mrs. T. Scott Cuscaden and children left in the early part of July for Edgar, Neb., to spend some time with her folks. They are having the time of their lives on the farm. Mr. Cuscaden has joined Mr. Treuke in the ranks of grass widowers.

Rudolph Chermok, of near Garrison, Neb., and Miss Evelyn Hogan, of Omaha, have announced their engagement. Rudy is an industrious farmer and a graduate of the Nebraska School for the Deaf, class of 1925.

Miss Effie Goslin, who graduated from the Nebraska School for the Deaf in 1899, and from Gallaudet College in 1904, still resides in Lincoln, Neb. She lives alone at 533 South 28th Street, and drives an Oldsmobile coupe.

Mrs. Charles Hiltshew, of Lost Spring, Wyoming, was in Lincoln, recently. She was on her way home with her parents and sister to her former home in Valley, Neb. Her parents and sister motored to Wyoming to make her a visit and persuaded Mrs. Hiltshew to accompany them home for a visit.

The picnic given by the local committee of the N. A. D. at Venice-on-the-Platte, Sunday, July 22d, was a success in every way. Some sixty attended, nearly half coming from Lincoln. Lunch boxes were sold, from which a very neat sum was realized for the convention fund.

HAL AND MEL.

Robert Begy is spending two weeks' vacation at Lake George, N. Y.

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

New York Council K. L. D. will have its excursion to Bear Mountain, on Wednesday, August 15th. They will go by the regular boats which leave the Battery at 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. Boats also stop at West 132d Street, forty-five minutes later. Fare for the round trip is sixty cents for adults and thirty cents for children. There will be games from 2 to 3 o'clock, on track No. 2 in the rear of Bear Mountain Inn, under the management of John M. O'Donnell, who will take post entries.

The K. L. D. makes no money out of this affair. It is just a get-together outing, and everybody is welcome to join in with them and have a day in the open air. There is a swimming pool, but bathers must furnish their own suits. Lockers are twenty-five cents an hour. At the Inn cafeteria, table d'hôte and a la carte service is provided. Bottled goods, milk, candy, etc., can be purchased at booths, at city prices. The park is State property and any one can spend the day there at the minimum of expense.

The father of Nathan Schwartz died on Friday, July 27th, and he at once left for Norfolk, Va., to attend the funeral. Nathan is secretary of both the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and the Manhattan Frats. Charles Sussman performed the duties of secretary in his place at the Manhattan Frats' meeting last Wednesday. A standing vote of sympathy for Mr. Schwartz was passed. Mr. Schwartz is a graduate of the Fanwood School, and for several years after graduating worked in a newspaper printing office in Norfolk, Va.; but New York, where he spent his childhood, was where he longed to live, and back he came a few years ago. He is now married and lives in one of the fast growing boroughs of New York City—the Bronx. He is employed on the *Brooklyn Times*. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Schwartz on the loss he has sustained in the death of his father.

"Rest Haven," in the Catskills at West Saugerties, where Miss Alice Judge does not get much rest, had quite a gathering for company last Sunday. From New York City came Mr. Alfred Stern and family in their Nash sedan, making the 100-mile run in about four hours. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Renner and Mrs. Fred Parker took the slower route by boat. Schenectady sent along Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bedell and Messrs. Harry Barnes and Edward Klier in the latter's car. Chester Brown and wife arrived from Albany a little while after in their Hudson six. It being an extremely hot day, Barnes got a brilliant idea and suggested all don their bathing suits and go in for a swim. The water was delightful, at least, all told Harry so, as he could not go in himself, because of a very sore toe. An enjoyable day was had till time for evening tea, which was served on the front porch *al fresco*. Mayor Myer, or Dave as he is better known, remarked: "It wasn't company, it was a convention."

Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., held its monthly business meeting at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League's new hall, on Wednesday evening, August 1st. Though many of the members were absent on vacations, about forty or more were present. Mr. Max Lubin, the president, got through considerable business in dispatch time. Mr. F. W. Meinken, who is a member of Chicago Division, No. 1, was present, and was invited to speak.

On Tuesday, July 31st, there were 123 deaf-mutes at the Brighton Beach Baths. The out-of-town-ers were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Meinken, of Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Meinken enjoyed the salt surf bathing, declaring there was nothing like it in the "Windy City." Mr. Meinken did not go in bathing, but enjoyed himself conversing with many of his old-time friends.

Abraham Miller, one of the twins who were educated at the Fanwood school, who holds a position as a printer in the New York General Post Office in this city, is now on a two weeks' vacation with his family at Far Rockaway. His twin brother, Nathan, also schooled at Fanwood, also a printer, who is satisfied by taking his family to beaches now and then.

On Tuesday, July 31st, Mrs. Leonora C. Pratt, widow of the late Mr. J. W. Pratt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., passed away. Funeral took place on Thursday, August 2d, and interment in Middletown, Ct., on Friday, August 3d.

Mrs. Thomas Hines Coleman announces the marriage of her daughter, Grace Decker, to Mr. Nelson Renfrew Park, on Saturday, the fourth of August, 1928, in the City of Washington.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Brooklyn Frats' Picnic, August 18th, desire to announce that, owing to the fact that no tickets are being sold, presidents of Frat divisions and local societies and their escorts will be admitted in free. For others, the admission price is fifty cents.

At the Lefi's on Tuesday evening "500" was enjoyed by four ladies. They were, besides Mrs. Lefi, Mesdames M. W. Loew, M. L. Kenner and I. G. Moses. Mrs. Lefi won the prize.

H. Hoffman, who has worked steadily in a slaughter house in this city for the past six years, with his family is summing at Coney Island. He goes to work daily, but next week expects to get a vacation of a week or two, with full pay.

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Braddock have returned to New York, after two weeks spent in the Mt. Pocono region. Last Sunday, at St. Ann's Church, Rev. Mr. Braddock officiated at the morning services, and also administered holy communion.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery F. Wolgamot have been in Nova Scotia, and recently visited the quaint old fort at Annapolis Royal.

Miss Alta Brown, of Cortland, N. Y., was in the city for a week, and was shown around by her friend Miss Mollie Smooker, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A brother of Mrs. Nellie Risley, of Pittsfield, Mass., a physician of prominence in New York City, named Dr. Frank M. Loucks, died of flu, after an illness of two months, aged fifty-six years.

Mrs. Morris Kremen and baby are enjoying the sultry summer days in the cool air of Monticello, N. Y., at the Sunnyside Hotel.

Fred McClelland stopped at the JOURNAL office on his way to Poughkeepsie to see his friend, William Wyatt. He has a new Chevrolet sedan.

Miss Sara Zanger is back in Newark, after a delightful fortnight at Sharon Springs, N. Y.

Jacques Alexander is having a great time in Europe. A postal card locates him in the famous city of Nurnberg in Bavaria.

A baby girl came to bless the home of Abe Hymes, on July 31st. She will be named Blange.

Mrs. John H. Kent has gone to Manomet, Mass., to join her daughter, Doris, and the Tomlinsons, who have been there since June.

Mrs. Culmer Barnes is mourning the death of her mother, which occurred last week.

## The Capital City

Rev. A. D. Bryant is getting more popular these days. Under the direction of Mrs. Burton and Mrs. H. Edington, he was presented with a solid gold charm, a gift from his church members and friends. It was planned to present it on his twenty years' mission to the deaf, which was celebrated last June, but it has been delayed until now. Mr. Bryant is pleased with it. He is now in Atlantic City, enjoying a vacation with his family.

The mother of Mrs. W. P. Souder and Mrs. Arthur Council, who has been visiting them for several weeks, returned home to North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Souder took her in their auto Sunday, July 29th, to visit her sister in Richmond, Va.

The host of friends of Frank Stewart are rejoicing that he has just secured work. He has a charming wife and two sweet children.

Andy Parker has received orders to fix a new porch for Mr. Fusfield's home this week. Andy is a "jack of all trades."

Mrs. Unsworth's only daughter died in North Carolina, July 24th, and her remains were brought to this city for burial at Congressional Cemetery. Mrs. Unsworth was in this city from Akron, Ohio, on her way to North Carolina, to keep house and take care of the motherless children. Friends send their sincere sympathy to the family.

Don't forget August 17th—the annual outing of the Washington Division, No. 46, to Chesapeake Beach. The fare will be fifty cents, children half price. H. O. Nicol is chairman.

Strengthening the upper part of the end of the west terrace of the White House was begun this week by the workmen. The bulging of the masonry, officials of the office said, is apparently due to expansion of steel beams in the roof of the terrace. This part of the structure will be entirely torn out and rebuilt, and tests will be made to determine whether similar conditions prevail in the east side wing of the White House.

The writer was told that a big crowd of deaf visitors will be in the city on Labor Day. It is hoped that our Division, No. 46, N. F. S. D. will give an outing on Kendall Green, on that day, as he has been their custom.

Mrs. Anna Bowen has gone to Baltimore, Md., for an indefinite visit. Miss Elizabeth Lowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lowell, is in Chicago visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. C. C. COLBY.



# THE TRAGEDY AT SANTOS, WHERE OUR COFFEE COMES FROM

We in the United States are dependent largely upon Santos, the Brazilian city where many houses were destroyed recently by an earth slide, for our morning cups of coffee.

Coffee built Santos and keeps it growing at a marvelous rate, just as cotton stimulates the prosperity of Houston and Galveston and rubber adds to the wealth of Singapore. Fifty miles inland on the plateau lies the city of Sao Paulo, in the heart of the world's greatest coffee producing area, and from it more than a billion pounds of the green berries annually pour down grade into Santos for shipment overseas. As results of this strategic economic situation, Santos is the greatest coffee port in the world, shipping each year approximately nine billion sacks, weighing 132 pounds each, and worth more than \$150,000,000.

The population of Santos has grown amazingly in recent years and is now close to 150,000. The town was established by the Portuguese nearly forty years ago, but modern Santos is little more than a generation old. It was a small place, on an undrained semi-tropical plain in the 80's when the marked development in coffee production began inland; and it became necessary to enlarge the port facilities. Drainage canals were extended through the plain, sewerage systems were constructed, and streets paved. One of the most important improvements was the construction of concrete, rat-proof wharves. Santos now has three miles of such wharves. Along them are more than a score of immense coffee warehouses, and farther from the waterfront are as many more. Altogether, these storage places could house more than five million bags of coffee at one time.—*Geographic News Bulletin.*

## ENJOY THE SUMMER

in the Catskills at West Saugerties, N. Y. Two bungalows to rent at \$20 a week or \$50 a month.

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- You can get a very liberal policy in the NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL without extra cost.
- It is Protection and Investment.
- It will take care of your Old Age and provide for your family when you are gone.
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## PICNIC AND OUTING

under the auspices of the

LUTHERAN GUILD FOR THE DEAF

at

## FOREST PARK

opposite Greenhouse and Play Grounds  
On Ground No. 4.  
Myrtle and Woodhaven Boulevard,  
Woodhaven, L. I.

on

Sunday, Aug. 12, 1928

MORNING AND AFTERNOON

Admission - - - 35 Cents

NEW GAMES AND PRIZES

DIRECTIONS TO PARK—At Chambers St. take Myrtle Ave. train to Wyckoff Ave. station then take Richmond Hill car or take Jamaica train to Woodhaven Blvd Station then take bus to park.

Mr. JOHN NESGOOD, Chairman.

GREATER THAN EVER

## Hallowe'en Party and Dance

under the auspices of

BRONX DIVISION No. 92

N. F. S. D.

at

EBLING'S CASINO

East 156th Street and St. Ann's Avenue

on

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 20, 1928.

Admission - - - 75 Cents

Under the chairmanship of Edward P. Bonvillian

FUN—FUN AND MORE FUN

Games, prizes, souvenirs, apples, balloons, etc.

LET'S GO

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## Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Nathan Schwartz, 1042 Hoe Avenue, Bronx, New York City, N. Y.

## Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 864 East 149th Street, Bronx, N. Y. C.

## Evangelical Association of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.

Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant

Every Sunday

Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets.  
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

## Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan.

Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

## Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 320 West Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome. Merton A. Fielding, President; Harold Lundgren, Secretary.

## Brooklyn Guild of Deaf Mutes

EVENTS FOR 1928

At MESSIAH CHURCH, 80 Greene Ave.

Near Clermont Ave., Brooklyn

August—Picnic.

September, Labor Day—Beach Party.

October 27—Hallowe'en Party.

November —Charity Ball.

December 1—Christmas Festival.

## PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1882

INCORPORATED 1891

ROOM 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET.

CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings.....First Saturdays

Gilbert O. Erickson, President

Charles B. Kemp, Secretary

4323 N. Richmond St.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays

Address all communications to the Secretary.

Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

## RESERVED

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

NOVEMBER 8, 9, 10, 1928.

## RESERVED FOR

BROWNSVILLE SILENT CLUB

DECEMBER 15, 1928.

(PARTICULARS LATER)

## RESERVED FOR

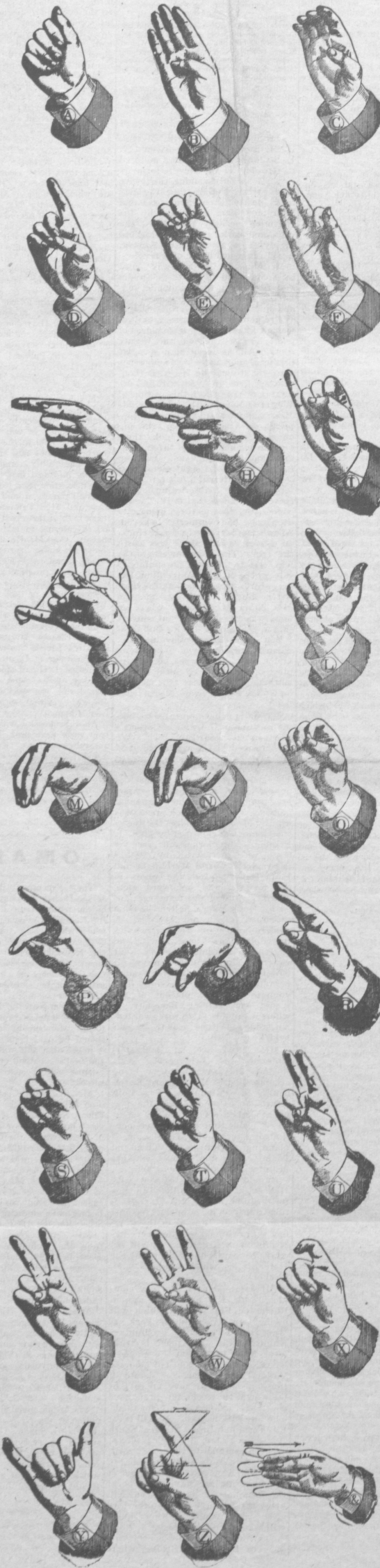
Brooklyn Division

ANNUAL No. 23 BALL

• • Arcadia Hall • •

Saturday, February 16, 1929

# AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



FOLLOW THE CROWD TO THE

# Picnic and Games

OF THE

BROOKLYN DIVISION NO. 23

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

AT

## Ulmer Park Athletic Field

Foot of 25th Avenue, Brooklyn

ON

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 18

Subscription, 50 Cents

EVENTS FOR CASH PRIZES

Boys Girls  
100 Yard Dash 1 mile run 50 Yard Dash Ball-throwing  
440 Yard Dash 1 mile relay Rope-skipping

Games for the kiddies

## WALTZ CONTEST IN THE EVENING

Directions to Park—B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Avenue

# If it's Life INSURANCE

You're Looking for—

Why not let me Insure You in the Largest Standard Life Insurance Co. in the World

**THE MUTUAL**  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
of New York

86th Year in Business

Special Offer to Deaf Mutes.

Same rate to the deaf as those of hearing people. Investment for You.  
Insurance written on lives ages from 10 to 70. Protection for Beneficiary.

Large Cash Dividends also Cash or Loan Values.

There is No Argument against Insurance.

Write or call for Valuable Information.

**LOUIS BAKER**

2265 THIRD AVE., Cor. 123rd St.  
NEW YORK



Our Greatest Mother  
+ JOIN! +

WHEN DISASTER RIDES THE SKIES

The poster which Chapters of the American Red Cross will display throughout the country from November 11th to 29th, inviting the people to join the Red Cross for another year, symbolizes the services of relief and rehabilitation provided by the "Greatest Mother" when disaster strikes. Throughout the past year the Red Cross has been engaged continually in disaster relief work at home and has extended assistance in many catastrophes abroad. The poster was painted by Cornelius Hicks.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

for

CHARITY BALL

Brooklyn Guild of the Deaf

at

Acme Hall, 7 Avenue and 9th Street.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 1st.

(PARTICULARS LATER)

RESERVED

MARGRAF CLUB

NOVEMBER 17, 1928

RESEVERED FOR

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928.

RESERVED FOR

DETROIT CHAPTER, M. A. D.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928